MEDICAL MISSIONS NUMBER

VOL. 47 NO. 10

THE

MISSIONARY LINK

FOR THE

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA

OCTOBER, 1916

ADDRESS.—MISSIONARY LINK, ROOM 67, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

SUBSCRIPTION, 50CTS. PER ANNUM

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, 1896

TABLE OF CONTENTS

IN EASTERN LANDS.

What I Saw at the Margaret Williamson Hospital. Julia H. Bronson . . 4
Twenty Years in India. Alice L. Ernst, M.D. 5
News From Our Hospital at Jhansi. Tena McLean 6
Our Comforts. Mina McKenzie, M.D. 7
Helping China to Help Herself . . 8

HERE AND THERE.

Choosing a "Career" 9
The China Medical Board 9

FOR MISSION BANDS.

Three True Stories 10

ITEMS OF BUSINESS.

Treasurer's Statement 12
Endowed Beds in Lily Lytle Broadwell Memorial Hospital 12
Endowed Beds in Margaret Williamson Hospital 13
Missions of Woman's Union Missionary Society 13

THE MISSIONARY LINK

This organ of the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America" is issued monthly. Subscription, 50c. a year. Life members will receive the MISSIONARY LINK gratuitously by sending an *annual request* for the same.

"What? and Why?" is a leaflet giving a brief account of the Society and work in the form of question and answer "Mission Band Leaflets" are original stories written especially for this portion of our work.

Editor of the MISSIONARY LINK, Mrs. F. S. Bronson, 67 Bible House, New York.

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"The Woman's Union Missionary Society of America" was organized in November, 1860, and incorporated in New York February 1, 1861.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1878 by the "WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA." in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington

THE MISSIONARY LINK

VOL. XLVII. OCTOBER, 1916 No. 10

MEDICAL MISSIONS NUMBER

OUR MEDICAL MISSIONS

SHANGHAI, CHINA. *Work opened* 1884.
THE MARGARET WILLIAMSON HOSPITAL
Dr. M. Emily Garner.
Dr. Julia M. Wood.
Dr. Clara B. Whitmore.
Miss Anna Koch, Trained Nurse.

JHANSI, INDIA. *Work opened* 1898.
MARY S. ACKERMAN-HOYT HOSPITAL.
MARIA ACKERMAN-HOYT HOSPITAL.
Dr. Alice M. Ernst.
Miss Tena MacLean, Trained Nurse.
Miss Ella C. Morrison, Trained Nurse.

FÄTEHPUR, INDIA. *Work opened* 1906.
LILY LYTLE BROADWELL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.
Dr. Mina McKenzie.
Dr. Grace Spencer (on furlough).
Miss Margaret Jones, Trained Nurse.

The War and Medical Missions in India.—The war in Europe has affected medical missions in India. Many British doctors have been called to the front, leaving an increasingly heavy burden on the American medical missionaries.

Hospitals are often troubled by the difficulty of securing supplies under war conditions. Some common and necessary drugs are scarce and difficult to obtain. A missionary nurse of the American Board in South India writes that drugs are costing more than twice what they had expected, and in some cases the cost of duty is more than the drug itself.

A famine of quinine was threatened and the government responded royally and is now manufacturing that medicine so absolutely necessary in India within the country, and is supplying it to all at a merely nominal price. The work is being done by prisoners.

Our own missionaries are cut off from the yearly boxes that have meant so much to the work, freight rates being now practically prohibitive. The financial stringency is keenly felt everywhere, fees are small and come in slowly, and this means great strain upon our already overburdened missionaries. It is but another challenge to the faith and effort of the Christian women of America. Our missionaries depend on our faithful intercession and financial support, and we must not fail them.

"Even in a Roadside Dispensary."—In a pleasant letter received by a sister-board, one of its visiting deputation in India describes a trip with their well-known and well-beloved "Dr. Ida" to a little roadside dispensary. "It was a wonderful day. The lame, the halt and the blind flocked under every tree, and it was late when we reached our destination. But we had seen all we needed to show us what a doctor can do even in a roadside dispensary. Dr. Ida performed operations, treated diseases, cared for eyes and ears, lanced ulcers, removed thorns, extracted teeth, poured balm of iodine over old sores and alleviated scabies all the way from Vellore to Gudiyatam and back again, thirty-six miles."

Missions Can Use Our Best.—The following worthy tribute was recently paid by the *Christian Advocate* to a devoted woman medical missionary:

"Dr. Martha Sheldon, the American Missionary who climbed into Tibet over a seventeen-thousand-foot Himalayan pass, learned the language of the forbidden land, and by her practice of medicine and surgery recommended her Master to scores of suspicious and superstitious Tibetans, passed the Great Divide four years ago—one of the most adventurous souls in Methodist missionary annals. She was ivy orator, athlete and scholar at the University of Minnesota; in Boston University she ranked highest in surgery. The bluff sea-captain, on whose steamer she went to India in 1888, said she was the cleverest woman he ever saw or heard."

IN EASTERN LANDS

SOME MEMBERS OF THE HOSPITAL SUNDAY SCHOOL, SHANGHAI

WHAT I SAW AT THE MARGARET WILLIAMSON HOSPITAL

JULIA H. BRONSON

I SAW a group of substantial well-planned buildings, clean, airy, orderly, quiet—separated only by a compound-wall from a noisy, dirty street thronging with multitudes of Chinese men, women and children.

I saw the wards with their long rows of memorial beds, each with a beloved name on its simple brass plate at the head, and under every name a wan, suffering face. Some were the faces of old, old women, some were younger women, and some were the faces of children. I saw efficient well-trained Chinese nurses caring for the patients with gentleness and skill. I saw our good Doctor making her rounds twice each day, and as she passed tired faces brightened and it seemed as if sunshine had fallen on each bed.

At the little street gate, leading to the Dispensary, I saw crowds passing in and out from morning to night. In the great waiting-room I saw rows and rows of benches filled with women, patient and impatient, rich and poor, high and low, bond and free, but all welcome—waiting their turn. And as they waited I saw our Bible women moving among them telling each day the same old story of the Great Physician. For the gospel is taught here, and in the wards above, and in the private rooms, to all who come. Our Hospital is a *"direct evangelistic agency,"* and the help and healing it gives are the magic keys that open many hearts to the Saviour's love.

At different times I saw other things happening in this same room. On Sundays, for example, it is filled with impressionable boys and girls, gathered in Sunday school, and taught by one of the busy doctors and a group of Christian nurses. Once in the evening I saw a magic-lantern entertainment given here for the nurses and convalescent patients. One woman who could never recover and who could never walk again was present in a wheel-chair. How they loved the pictures! The Hospital has recently been given a good radiopticon for showing picture post-cards on a screen, which can be used in both waiting-

room and wards. All it needs now is post-cards to show. Gifts of pretty and interesting ones would be greatly appreciated. A group of post-cards with beautiful Christmas pictures from the old masters, would be a lovely gift to send *just now.*

Every morning the doctor at the head of our work gathers her nurses for morning prayers. It is a beautiful service, and is the place where strength and wisdom and patience for the day are found.

Beyond the waiting-room I saw the Clinic. Here sits one of the "beloved physicians" all the morning and again in the afternoon, and ministers tenderly and patiently. The first time I sat with her I wondered how she could do it—for some of the diseases were dreadful, and many of the patients were ragged and dirty beyond words, and many were repulsive, and all were of an alien race. But I soon learned the secret of that gentle ministry—she loved them.

I saw in the Margaret Williamson Hospital two doctors doing the work of six. Their hours are long, their night's rest is very often broken, they are always weary and overburdened, but they rejoice and thank God for the privilege of spending and being spent for Christ's sake in China.

Disease in the Orient reminds me constantly of the diseases of which we read in the Gospels. We see them all—a sad, weary procession, the leper, the man with palsy borne by four, the demoniac boy, the woman bent double, the beggar at the gate covered with sores, the blind man begging by the wayside. And when I visited Shanghai and saw our Hospital and our Christian missionaries and their helpers, I was reminded of One whose heart was moved with compassion, whose hand was ever stretched forth to heal, whose sympathy was always going out to the sick and sad, and of whom it was written, "He went about doing good."

TWENTY YEARS IN INDIA

Alice L. Ernst, M. D.

MY experience of more than twenty years of actual service as a medical missionary in India has strengthened my conviction that as an agency in hastening the coming of Christ's Kingdom medical missions take a place second to none. This is not surprising for the Master who gave us the great commission worked in this way and taught His disciples to do so. We read, "And Jesus went about all Galilee teaching in their synagogues and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people."

"And he sent them to preach the Kingdom of God and to heal the sick."

Since those days when Christ by His divine power healed the sick, the devoted services of many great and good men have placed at our disposal knowledge of a high order relating to the human body, its needs, ailments and means of restoration, which as earnest servants of Christ seeking to obey His commandments, we cannot afford to neglect.

Deep consecration of spirit and superior training in medicine and surgery should be the medical missionary's personal equipment, and to this must be added an up-to-date hospital with an adequate staff of medical and evangelistic helpers.

In the early days of modern missions we have heard of much good done, though equipments were primitive and remedies few and simple, but I think the conviction is now strong among medical missionaries in the various fields that the time has come for really scientific medical work such as is enjoyed in western lands. To make this possible our hospitals should have the outfits deemed essential in Christian lands and be adequately staffed. The following are quotations from missionary letters to the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, 1916:

"We can get men to listen to the Gospel who would never have listened otherwise, if we can draw them through an appeal to their physical need through medical aid. We are doing work under the name of Almighty God, and His cause is either helped enormously by what we do, or hindered in the same proportion, therefore we should be given the best equipment possible."

"Medical missionary work is going to suffer seriously in the future in its prestige unless it can do the best work, for it will have to meet an increasing competition with government hospitals and modern trained private practitioners. In other words unless the

IN THE HOSPITAL GROUNDS, JHANSI

standard can be improved this part of missionary work which has been one of the most fruitful in its influences will decrease in power."

"Hospitals in the foreign field have never been sufficiently equipped and staffed. We have too much to do and too little to do it with, to do the work as it should be done."

There are many other letters of like tone, but why quote further? While *more medical missionaries* and better equipment are sorely needed, my plea is for a closer walk with Christ for all of us, that He may give us a vision of what He can accomplish through us, and that we may not faint nor be discouraged when the fulfillment of our hopes is delayed. Let our watchword be "Upward and Onward," in His Name.

NEWS FROM OUR HOSPITAL AT JHANSI

TENA MCLEAN

IT has been very warm, the hot winds at night seemed almost as trying as the day heat. I am so thankful for the health and strength to endure the heat which our loving Heavenly Father has given, for we have all been very well indeed. And now, during the last fortnight, we have been having splendid showers of rain and it has made such a difference! One of the marvels of India is that just as soon as the parched earth is watered, everything begins to show forth new life. Only two weeks ago the ground was parched red, the trees dry and withered looking, yet to-day all nature seems to be covered with a mantle of green and the beauty of the country is beyond description.

Our numbers in the Hospital and those coming to the Dispensary were very well sustained all through the hot season, and even with our force depleted, owing to necessary vacations for rest, we were able to carry the work and to minister to all who came.

Also the evangelistic work in both Hospital and Dispensary was continued through the summer. Miss Edith May sent us her own Bible women while she herself was away, and this was the greatest help. They helped at morning and evening prayers. I took the Saturday Bible class with our workers and the Sunday morning services in Hospital and Dispensary and have enjoyed it all.

Tuberculosis Among Indian Women.—Consumption is one of the scourges in India, and twice as many Mohammedan women as men die of the disease. It is one of many results of the tragedy of the life of Indian women, dull, monotonous, and shut always within four narrow walls.

OUR COMFORTS

MINA MCKENZIE, M.D.

LET me tell you about a few of these beautiful blossoms of the Master's planting. Sheo came to us from the Cawnpore school nearly four years ago with a very bad form of hip and spinal disease. Her dressings and numerous operations were very painful and she had to lie very quietly in bed for years. During all those trying days we never saw a frown on that face, beautiful because of the love, sunshine and patience that shone through it. Her hip is completely well now, and her back is almost well. She is able to be up and walk around. When any patient wants a cup of water, a fan, a flower or some one to call a nurse, this little comfort is always at hand. She does every little service with so much grace and sweetness that the very act distils sunshine about the place. Many Hindu and Mohammedan women and children who have been our guests will long remember the bright face and willing messenger.

The influence of this little girl reflecting her Saviour's love irresistibly draws hearts and lives to Him whom she honors and obeys, and we believe that other blossoms which have sprung from this flower will be found in the Master's kingdom.

Let me show you another of our little comforts, Ram Gopaul. His mother, a shy, reserved little Hindu woman, brought him to the hospital for a very serious operation when he was four months old. He stayed with us five weeks till he was wholly well. He was a beautiful fat, roly-poly little fellow, always smiling and ready for a chat. His mother saw how we loved her baby and how clean and sweet he was kept and her heart opened to the love of Jesus, who called the little children to Him and blessed them.

Almost every day she brings the little one to the dispensary, where she has a Bible lesson; and once a week she comes to visit her old friends at the hospital. She says he will not be happy in the home unless he comes.

One day I said to her: "When your little son grows older you will teach him to love and serve Jesus." "I will teach him," she said, "but I will also bring him so that he will learn from you to love the Saviour."

This week Gopaul's eyes were sore and his father paid a chamar to come and sacrifice to the gods to make them well. Preparations were made and the repulsive rites were to be celebrated early on the morrow. The mother, however, got up at dawn while the father still slept and brought Gopaul to the hospital. She said: "I can never allow the signs and worship of idols to be made over my son again." I had a talk with his father when he came to see him and trust that his heart will be changed that he, too, may trust in the living Saviour.

Pujari means "love." She lives up to the meaning of her name. Pujari has been lying in bed for seven months with a very painful limb that refused to yield to treatment and had to be amputated above the knee. It is now a month since her operation, and she is all well and will soon be allowed to get up and move about. What a joy it will be to her after these months of pain! One of her great ambitions is that she may be able to meet Miss Jones at the station when she returns from her vacation. Does any co-worker of the Master wish to invest in helping to get an artificial limb for this child of His who I am sure will be a great blessing in our work here? It will cost fifty dollars. She listened gladly to the beautiful story of our Saviour's love and has made Him her Saviour also. His joy and gladness fill her life and radiate to those about her in a wonderful way. She sees the humorous side of everything and always has some pleasant laughing tale or remark to make. She is never impatient, tired or depressed. The joy of her new life refreshes all within her reach and brings to mind the words of Christ: "Rejoice that your names are written in heaven." That one fact should be enough to flood our whole lives with light and joy.

I have only given you a glimpse of two or three among the big family who come and go from our hospital. Many others there are, just as winning and dear as those, for whom it is a joy to work. Even those who are less lovely, Jesus came to save, and it is our inestimable privilege to minister to them in His name. They come from all over our district, thirty, forty and fifty miles, young and old, lovely and unlovely, clean and unclean, lonely at heart and wretched in body, and God has placed us here in beautiful surroundings to tell them of the debt He has paid, the door He has opened, and the wonderful home He is preparing for those who truly love, trust and obey Him.

Dear young friend, can you realize what a priceless privilege it is to give your lives to use in these far-away lands where there are so few hands to beacon travelers toward the Lord Jesus Christ? The harvest field is so dense here and there are so few reapers. Will you not ask God if He has fitted you to help garner the golden grain while yet there is time? You may be the one, and you alone, who by the power of His spirit can touch some life. Will you not let Him use you?

"Oh Master," we pray, "send doctors, nurses and teachers, to our needy stations in India, strong in body, strong in soul, ready to give up home and friends that they may proclaim the good news of salvation to those sitting in the darkness and sorrow of our great, sad India."

The nurse and the doctor have a sacred privilege none other can share. It is theirs to minister to many a sorrowing one, to soothe many a suffering one and to snatch many from the very jaws of death or to stand by and comfort those who are left when that dark river is crossed.

When one is face to face with these stern realities of life, when there is no escape, the soul will listen to the Saviour's gentle call through those who minister in His name.

LILY LYTLE BROADWELL HOSPITAL

India waits. The roads and railways have been made ready, carriages and motor-cars are all waiting to carry the Christian worker to almost every village in many large districts. God is surely calling His people to hasten and gather in the golden grain ere He returns to bid us to the wedding feast.

India waits—God waits—for His people.

HELPING CHINA TO HELP HERSELF

(An extract from a letter from Miss Anne G. Hall, Shanghai.)

MISS Boone, the daughter of a veteran missionary out here, has, with the help of one of the doctors in the American Church Mission, worked up a series of Chinese pictures, portraying the life histories of two schoolmates who afterwards married. One of them remembered and profited by all that she had learned in school about hygiene, sanitation, disease and preventive measures. She grew to a happy old age, with a bevy of strong, healthy sons about her; while the fate of the other, the heedless one, was indeed sad! Smallpox, plague, consumption, and all kinds of diseases brought by flies, rats and unclean food, gradually bereft her of all that life held dear to her, even to an old aunt. Finally she herself succumbed to something. I think it was sleeping with windows all shut tight and face covered by the bedclothes, she having been already weakened by the ravages of disease!

The telling of this highly thrilling tale, which accompanies the very realistic pictures, of course involves explanations of the causes of all these diseases and troubles, and how they can be prevented. The whole demonstration has "taken like wild-fire." The children who have seen the pictures and heard the tale can tell you in a moment what to do for this and that, and of what to beware. Mothers are as interested as the children.

HERE AND THERE

CHOOSING A "CAREER"

WE wish that this might be read by many undergraduates in our women's colleges and medical schools, for we should like to ask them to consider prayerfully and thoughtfully the hopsitals and schools conducted by the Woman's Union Missionary Society as possible fields for service.

Young men and women are to-day alive to the social and religious needs of others and to the brotherhood and sisterhood of the human race as never before. Less is said about "motives" than formerly; perhaps they are not even the subject of so much thought. This is not necessarily an unhopeful sign, for too much weighing of one's deepest feelings may from its very subjective nature become unwholesome.

Nevertheless it is important for any one considering such a vital step as the choosing of a career to be quite sure of the motive which leads or inclines her to a decision. The true missionary should have no lesser motive than a personal love and loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ and the strong conviction that the world needs Him as its Saviour. With this love and loyalty, and this conviction, and with an earnest desire to be a co-worker with Him, she can go boldly forth without fear, for she will be sustained.

Others who are not troubled over the purity of their motives are perhaps wondering what constitutes a "call."

Mary Lyon used to say: "To know the need should prompt the deed."

William Carey said his call was an open Bible before an open map of the world.

An artist, painting the picture of a poor woman, with her child, wandering homeless in the street on a stormy night, suddenly threw down his brush, exclaiming: "Instead of merely *painting* the lost I will go out and save them." That young artist became Bishop Tucker of Uganda.

Hudson Taylor's watchword was: "Not 'where am I needed?' but 'where am I needed most?'"

"But," some one may say, "to go away and bury myself in an obscure hospital in Northern India when I had been thinking of Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia!" Do not forget that the greatest Leader the world has ever known, who did most and gave most and made the greatest mark on humanity, lived His life and taught His gospel in the little land of Palestine.

Surely He is calling some to-day to go, as He did, to the dark and needy places of earth. Is He calling you? If so, rejoice and thank God, for though the way may be long and hard, the compensations are great and the reward is glorious.

THE CHINA MEDICAL BOARD

THE China Medical Board, constituted by the Rockefeller Foundation, last year chose three distinguished physicians to investigate the medical, surgical and nursing work done by Foreign Boards through their missionaries in China. As a result of these careful investigations, and by the recommendation of these gentlemen, the Foundation plans generous aid that will make possible great advance in the status of medical work in the Chinese Empire. Peking has been chosen as a center for its work, and the entire plant of the Medical College and Hospital, which has been under the control of the American Presbyterian and Methodist Boards and of the London Missionary Society has been purchased by the China Medical Board. A Board of Trustees for this new administration has been appointed, consisting of thirteen members, chosen by the co-operating Boards and the China Medical Board.

The Board hopes to make this a Christian medical college of a grade second to none in the world. Close co-operative relations will be maintained between this great central plant and mission hospitals in Northern China.

In rendering aid to mission hospitals the China Medical Board claims no voice in their control, the only condition imposed being that of adequate professional qualifications of those appointed by their Boards to be supported by its appropriations.

ENTERED INTO REST

September 28, 1916—Mrs. Frank H. Dodd

Mrs. Dodd has been a manager of the Woman's Union Missionary Society since 1903, and in her home-going the Society has lost a loyal, devoted and generous friend.

"Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past;
Safe upon the farther shore
Rests the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now thy servant sleeping."

FOR MISSION BANDS

"JOSHUA . . . SLEPT FROM NIGHT TILL MORNING"

THREE TRUE STORIES

IT happened in Japan. Just fifteen years ago a little brown baby opened the straight slits that were his eyes and looked out on a new strange world. The joyful news reached the misssionaries, who rose from their tasks and crept softly to the door of the little house at the gate to offer their felicitations. They never expected to *see* the baby, but the proud father appeared at the door, his face wreathed in smiles, bearing his son, wrapped in a marvel of gorgeous coloring, in his arms. The parents were Christians, and as the Book of Joshua was being expounded at morning prayers just at that time they decided to name their first-born "Joshua," with the hope that he might grow up to lead his people into the promised land. All this you know, for this same Joshua once sent his photograph and autobiography to the MISSIONARY LINK for all to see.

Very soon there comes in the life of the small man-child of Japan the day when, arrayed in brave finery, he is taken to the shrines of the Ancestors to present an offering. But when this great day arrived Joshua's Christian father carried him in his arms to the church to be dedicated to the true God. Later he went with his father for frequent outings, riding in his own little carriage. Shall I tell you about the carriage? A dignified English baby-cab? No. A soft brown willow carriage with comfortable hood and lovely cushions? No, oh no! Not even a collapsible go-cart. For Joshua's parents were humble servants of humble missionaries, and pennies were few in the wee house by the gate. But the father was like John Gilpin's wife, "of a frugal mind," also like most other Japanese, of an ingenious one, and he set his wits to work with his fingers and made his son a little carriage. It was made of—what do you suppose? Strong, shining oil-tins that had brought Standard Oil to the missionaries to use in their lamps. It was really a grand little carriage though not so quiet as an "eight-cylinder," you may be sure.

Joshua, now a big lad of fifteen, has long since proved himself an exceedingly human person, and his parents and missionary sponsors have had, and have still, their anxious hours for his sake. But as a baby he was really little short of angelic. He was almost like those wonderful Japanese babies who live only in purest fiction, that *"never cry."* Joshua laughed and smiled contentedly from morning until night, and what was better still, slept from night till morning! He was so abnormally good that the missionaries were very proud and boasted of him in the gates. Then something happened. Joshua the sunny baby, Joshua the vigorous, healthy, growing child, began to cry at night. Not naughty crying, not frightened tears nor peevish ones, but long, piercing, suffering shrieks issued late

every evening from that little Christian home. It began with the advent of Joshua's heathen grandmother come on a visit. Have you ever heard a helpless little child shriek and sob and wail as if in mortal agony? Then you will know how it tore the hearts of those who heard. After two or three evenings it could be borne no longer and an investigation was made. What do you think Joshua's grandmother was doing, while his mother sat silently by, not daring to interfere? Applying the "makusa," that cruel little hot needle that burns the soft flesh, leaving ugly scars in its place. Poor little Joshua, without even the excuse of illness or pain, was getting his baby back and tender little legs burned to ward off possible disease! And this happened in enlightened, civilized Japan!

It happened in China. A doctor at the head of a missionary institution told the story. The doctor was one of these big capable men with a tender heart. You know in China there is a very great deal of eye trouble, and quite often eyes that are supposed by the ignorant people to be nearly or quite blind can be cured by a simple operation for cataract. Our strong doctor with the tender heart had helped many people with diseased eyes, and some of them little children, to see. Thus his hospital became well known and its fame went abroad. One day a mother came to him, a *real* mother with the very passion of maternity in her eyes and burning at her heart. She brought her son, her only son, whom she adored, and humbly, tremblingly but with much faith asked the kind missionary to cure him, for he was blind. The missionary told her he must examine the boy's eyes, and he said he could never, never forget that worn, pathetic figure as she led her little boy, the very light of her eyes, to the doctor. As the missionary put out his hand to take the boy the mother stretched out a skinny, work-worn hand and fairly clutched the little one by the shoulder, longing yet dreading to surrender him to even such gentle care.

A quick examination, and the doctor saw what had happened. The little one had no eyes; he could never see again. He had been a normal seeing child, but had been blinded for life by the witch doctors treating those precious little windows of the mind with red-hot instruments of torture. But the saddest part of the story is that the missionary could not convince that mother that he could not help her boy.

"But you *can* cure him—you cured another blind boy in our village! You have cured many! Oh, I pray you cure my child too!"

He explained and explained, he tried so hard to make her see; but she went away clasping her little son, her only son, quite uncomprehending. "The doctor *could* do those things—but he would not—for her." And this happened in China. And it will happen again and again, times without number, until we show them the better way.

It happened in India. A missionary friend told me that she once went to a mission hospital in India with her doctor friend. They came to a bed with a small bed by its side. The doctor put her hand into the crib and brought out the two tiniest Bengali babies my friend had ever seen. They were twins, they were as wee as dolls, they were pretty as pictures, they were done up in fascinating swaddling clothes such as we never see. My friend leaned over the darlings, lying quite easily on one of the doctor's arms, and being a young and enthusiastic misssionary, gave expression to her interest and pleasure in the pretty sight.

Whereupon the young mother looked up from her pillow and said: "You may have them."

"Have them?" cried the missionary, doubting her ears. "Don't you want your own little babies?"

"Yes," said the mother wearily, *"I want them*—but my husband will beat me. I am frightened. We have six children, and I dare not take them home."

But, you see, these were girl-babies, and this happened in India.

J. H. B.

NEXT MONTH

November—Our Children's Number

"The Bat in the Village That Had no Bird."

"Little Gifts for the Family Tree." (Our W. U. M. S. Family.)

A Contribution by One of Our Own School Girls.

Those who can use extra copies of this or the following number of The Missionary Link, to interest new friends in our work, can secure them by sending a request to our Mission Room, 67 Bible House, New York.

RECEIPTS *of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, from September 1 to September 30, 1916.*

ALLAHABAD, INDIA

Conn.—Southport, Miss Frances Wakeman, support of teacher,	$100 00	
N. J.—Newark Aux., Mrs. R. H. Allen, Treas., for Day School, 50.00; Miss Roderick's club, 50.00,	100 00	
Pa.—Phila. Br., Mrs. Wm. Waterall, Treas., Miss Roderick's salary,	70 00	
Total,		$270 00

CALCUTTA.

N. Y.—Hastings, Orphan Asylum, Mr. R. R. Reeder, Supt., Shushila, 25.00; N. Y. City, A. Friend, Gardner Mem'l School, 200.00; Orphanage, 300.00,	525 00	
N. J.—Newark Aux., Oak Ridge Club Miss. Band, for Rachael (Bible Reader), 40.00; Mrs. R. H. Allen for orphan, 25.00; Ridgewood, Mrs. F. H. White, Helen Eliza White Scholarship, 5.00,	70 00	
Pa.—Philadelphia, Mrs. John Marston, for orphan,	12 50	
Kas.—Topeka, Mrs. D. F. Hinken, special for Miss Evans,	15 00	
Total,		622 50

CAWNPORE

Mary Avery Merriman School

Conn.—Southport, Miss Frances Wakeman,	200 00	
Pa.—Lancaster, Miss Elizabeth Gochnauer, for orphan,	5 00	
Total,		205 00

FÄTEHPUR

Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital

N. J.—Fanwood and Scotch Plains Jr. League, Mrs. R. Thomae's collection for Lilauli Dispensary, 15.00; Newark Aux., Mrs. R. H. Allen, for Hospital, 35.00,	50 00	
Pa.—Phila. Br., Miss Todd's salary,	150 00	
Total,		200 00

JHANSI

Mary S. and Maria Ackerman Hoyt Hospitals

N. Y.—N. Y. City, Estate of Ezra P. Hoyt, Dr. J. A. Coles, Ex.,	150 00	
Pa.—Phila. Br., Dr Ernst's salary,	150 00	
Total,		300 00

SHANGHAI, CHINA

R. I.—Newport, Rev. R. A. Greene, for Christmas gift to Children in Hospital,	1 00	
Total,		1 00

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

N. J.—Princeton Br., A Friend, for Sabbath School,	10 00	
Total,		10 00

GENERAL FUND

Conn.—Southport, Miss Frances Wakeman,	200 00	
N. Y.—Brooklyn, Mrs. W. P. Halsted,	5 00	
N. J.—Englewood, Mrs. J. H. Prentice,	10 00	
Total,		215 00

SUBSCRIPTION TO MISSIONARY LINK

Mrs. J. C. Yawger	50	
Total,		50

WILLING AND OBEDIENT BAND

Rev. D. M. Stearns, Germantown, Phila., Pa.

Cawnpore—Estate of Mrs. Samuel Dickson—Lachmin,	30 00	
Mrs. J. E. L. Davis, for worker,	60 00	90 00
Jhansi—Dr. J. H. Ramsburgh—Bible woman,		5 00
Japan—Mr. C. L. Hutchins—Haru Yoshida,	10 00	
Dr. J. H. Ramsburgh—Fujisawa Sta.,	5 00	
Mrs. C. B. Penrose—Harada Shobi,	10 00	
Mr. J. H. Fredericks—Hana Aikawa,	5 00	
Miss H. D. Boone—Kiku Yamane,	5 00	
Estate of Mrs. Samuel Dickson—Kuki Sta.,	60 00	
In Memory, Mrs. A. C. A.—Mrs. J. L. Davis—Shige Matsuoka,	30 00	
		125 00
Total,		220 00

SUMMARY

Allahabad,	270 00	
Calcutta,	622 50	
Cawnpore,	295 00	
Fätehpur,	200 00	
Jhansi,	305 00	
China,	1 00	
Yokohama,	135 00	
General Fund,	215 00	
Subscription to Link	50	
Total		$2,044 00

CLARA E. MASTERS, Asst. Treas.

Interest and Dividends

August, 1916,	63 00	
September, 1916,	1,056 50	
		1,119 50

Gifts and Donations

"A Friend" for General Work,	2,200 00	
Mrs. S. J. Broadwell, donation,	300 00	
		2,500 00
		3,619 50

JOHN MASON KNOX, Treas.

SEPTEMBER RECEIPTS OF PHILADELPHIA BRANCH

Mrs. Wm. Waterall, Treas.

Interest on Mrs. Daniel Haddock, Jr., Fund,	125 00	
Interest on Mrs. Williams Fund,	10 50	
Interest on Miss C. L. Lindsay Fund	5 62	
Interest on Miss Sower Fund	7 88	
Interest on Miss H. Holland Fund	3 75	
		152 75

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